

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Civil War"

(feat. Brother Ali, Chuck D & Killer Mike)

### *[Immortal Technique]*

The ghetto is like a prison, with invisible bars  
No matter where you ride, it always follows you where you are  
And it's hard out there, for a pimp to get outta  
But it's harder for the hooker that he beat the shit outta  
I got niggas underground in the Confederate States  
Ironically runnin' from slavery that prison creates  
So I never hate on the south, I respect they vision  
I just hate on niggas that promote Samboism  
And white execs that love to see us in that position  
They reflect the stereotypes of America's vision  
They want us dancing, cooning and hollering  
Only respect us for playing sports and modeling  
More than racism, it's stay in your place-ism  
More people are trapped in practical blackface-ism  
So fuck a Civil War between the North and the South  
It's between field niggas and slaves that are stuck in the house

### *[Chorus: Chuck D]*

Civil war for the soul of a nation  
This is a struggle to save civilization  
Demonstrations overthrowing the occupation  
The annihilation of mental colonization

Civil war for the soul of a nation  
We fight for the future of our civilization  
Destroy the corrupt government organizations  
Trying to survive cultural assassination

### *[Killer Mike]*

Crip niggas, Blood nigga, ese's, Asians  
Why the fuck we warring with each other's population?  
The devil wanna dead all our population  
People in Folk nation, why the separation?  
Why we got Jamaicans hatin' on Haitians  
When the British and French raped both nations?  
Mexicans and Blacks kill each other, straight hating  
While the government profits from prison population  
If you on the bottom, be you Anglo or Asian  
You gotta recognize the realness of what I'm sayin'  
You gotta recognize another G ain't the enemy  
When the police ride to kill us frequently  
We gotta make the youth see, where the truth be  
If you a G, then grow and develop GD  
50 years of gangs and our people still poor  
If we really run the streets, we should really end war

*[Chorus: Chuck D]*

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*[Brother Ali]*

Listen, our hearts were torn apart just like y'all was  
Watching towers full of souls fall to sawdust  
Everytime we called your office you ignored us  
Now you holding hearings on us all inside a Congress  
Microscopes on us, ask if we're Jihadists  
My answer was in line with all of the Founding Fathers  
I think Patrick said it best; Give me liberty or death  
I shall never accept anything less  
You claim innocence, you play victimless  
But you gave the kiss of death in the name of self defense  
Slavery and theft have brought the nations to the end  
Of pacifying your citizenry with excess  
We believe in freedom, justice, security  
But they're only pure when they're applied universally  
So certainly if I rage against the machine  
My aim was only to clean the germs out of the circuitry  
Heard you need putting fear inside your heart  
Make you burn Qu'rants and tell me not to build a mosque  
Me, my wife and babies we ain't never made jihad  
We just want to touch our heads to the floor and talk to God  
Ask him to remove every blemish from my heart  
The greatest threat of harm doesn't come from any bomb  
The moment you refuse the human rights of just a few  
What happens when that few includes you?  
Civil war